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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1901. NUMBER 14

A RUSKIN SOUVENIR

Number twelve of "Fors Clavigera," being a Christmas letter to workmen and laborers. After having failed to find an original copy with outside wrapper in his own and other leading libraries in this country, Alexander J. Rudolph, Assistant Librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, secured a copy of the fourth thousand from the London publisher. A *fac simile* of this has been reproduced by the etching process, and a Christmas cover added. It is sent forth to the friends of industrial equity and social progress by those who revere the memory and respect the message of that benignant genius who was the friend of Thomas Carlyle, the teacher and inspirer of William Morris and the elder brother of Lyof Tolstoy. After the lapse of thirty years it is believed that this Christmas message of John Ruskin is yet a prophetic one to those who are anxious to ennoble the life of labor and to make that beauty that is allied to duty the labor of life.

Prices—Single copies, hand colored covers, 50c; single copies, plain, 25c; per dozen copies, $2.00; per hundred copies, $15.00.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON.

A FORECAST.

In view of the frequent criticism that the Tower Hill Summer School is tardy with its announcements and consequently misses the consideration it would receive at the hands of those who are forehanded and make their summer plans early, at the close of the successful season of 1901, the School itself took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to take "time by the forelock" and promulgate this preliminary announcement immediately. This tentative program is born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and has been so carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that School that it may be confidently counted upon subject to such modifications and improvement as time may develop.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professor W. S. Marshall, Madison, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

a. First week, general zoology; second and third weeks, insects; fourth week, animals from ameba to man.

b. Trees and flowers. First two weeks, flowering plants; second two weeks, trees and shrubs.

c. Birds throughout the season to suit the convenience of students.

d. Geology and astronomy, as convenient.

No text books or class exercises. The aim will be to study such life as abounds on and around the Hill, and to give such elementary interpretations and helps as will interest children and teachers in their work throughout the year and create a more lively appreciation of Nature's marvels.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

First Week.—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

Second Week.—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity": The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through the Nineteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

Third Week.—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

Fourth Week.—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

Fifth Week.—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

EVENINGS.

Two lectures a week, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon; basket dinner in the woods; dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it; *July 13*, Inauguration Day, "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting.

August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

BOYS' ENCAMPMENT.—For twenty boys or young men an encampment in charge of a special commandant under the direct instruction of professors of the University of Wisconsin will be organized. The camp will combine what is valuable in the discipline of a military encampment without the military spirit.

Library Class.—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library Class and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

Sketching Class.—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

Sociability.—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is nonsectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

President—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Vice-President—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

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Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Tower Hill Summer Encampment

TWELTH SEASON.

This is the host of the above Summer School. It is equipped with a pavilion for meetings, a general dining-room, ice house, water works, cottages, longhouses, garden, team and buckboard and the services of a man who resides on the Hill throughout the year.

The season lasts from July 1 to September 15. House accommodations for about forty people. Applications for such should be made early. Accommodations in tents for all who may apply.

Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1901. NUMBER 14

Boston has started a protest against the enormous demands of the naval department. One hundred million dollars for naval extension! The Twentieth Century Club of Boston has started a petition protesting against the awful waste. The name of Edward Everett Hale heads the list. Let the protest be quick and decisive throughout the whole country.

The misprint in the second line of the second stanza of Colonel Higginson's beautiful Thanksgiving poem, "The Things I Miss," which we published on the front page of last week's issue, needs correction, as we already have reason to know many of our readers will prize and preserve it. The line should read,—

"The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams."

Dr. Brundage, of Albany, at a recent Unitarian Conference held in Philadelphia, discussed the work of the church today in the midst of the many "clubs" and "societies." He declared that "There is one function upon which no other institution trenches, that is the function of acting as a great inspirational institution. * * * We need moral and religious training to transform men from selfish, vicious animals into tender, loving, self-supporting human beings. In the church that is to serve there will be no longer class feeling, there will be no hired singing, there will be no spirit of solemn gloom, but a spirit of ardent hope and joy. The themes of the pulpit will be closely related to the daily life and struggles of the people."

As if the president had not given congress work enough to do in his straightforward, incisive and manly message, the Supreme Court has added to its perplexity by declaring that the Philippines are a part of the United States and that the citizens are entitled to the privileges as well as the protection of the flag. It now remains to be seen how sincere the altruistic claims of congress are. Will it treat our brown fellow citizens as becomes citizens? Will it give them a place at the commercial family board or will we, the "big brother," demand "protection from the competition of the weaker brother, simply because we are big and he is weak and there is a chance to make money at his expense? It is a painful issue. Commercialism is face to face with the higher patriotism. Let us hope that humanity will triumph over the dollar. Of the latter the government seems to have a perplexing oversupply just now.

Slowly but surely light is breaking on the dark race question in the South, and when light comes right will follow. J. M. F. Erwin, a Chicago business man, has a most significant contribution to the negro question in the *Outlook* of November 30. Mr. Erwin is a southern man with a northern wife and a northern business training. He confesses that his father, acting up to the best light he had, stuffed the ballot box even while "United States troops were at the door and a United States marshal was in the room." Mr. Erwin calls this article "A Business Proposition," and the publishers of the *Outlook* have given certain investors a generous advertisement in publishing this article. But the publication is justified. It will doubtless encourage others to "go and do likewise." Mr. Erwin has made no discovery. It is simply the old story that fair dealing, business common-sense and a satisfaction with legitimate profits bring right adjustments between man and man even when one man be black and the other white. The political conclusion of the article is epitomized in this one sentence, "Recent legislation restricting the ballot is wholesome, but there is no excuse for discrimination between the qualifications of white and those of colored voters." This sentence should be printed in gold letters and hung up in every legislative assembly and court room in the south. Shame on the religion, the politics, the social standard and the plain common-sense that does not recognize the justice of this sentence or tries to evade it.

The day of "Catechisms" is not yet at an end, notwithstanding the verdict of the "new education" and the protest of pedagogues. Mr. Mangasarian, "Lecturer of the Independent Religious Society" in Chicago, evidently thinks that the catechism can be made to serve radical as well as conservative religious views. His "New Catechism" of one hundred and eighty-eight pages, neatly printed by the Open Court Publishing Company, lies before us, a book of sixteen chapters, ranging in topics from "Revelation" to "The chief end of man." It shows careful work. The meager foot-notes are interesting and show wide reading. His affirmations are such as are in harmony with most liberal thinkers. But, as it seems to us, he leads the child, if indeed it is meant for use with children, over a long and needlessly dreary road of negations to arrive at his affirmations. The "nays" are much more plentiful than the "yeas" in the book. For instance, forty-seven pages of destructive criticism is a long road to come to the conclusion that "the right use of the Bible is to accept whatever is helpful in it and reject the rest." There is much of modern thought reflected in these pages, but too little of modern aspiration, devotion and sympathy. Its contentions are such as represent the negative protest of twenty-five or fifty years ago rather than the quest of today for a new hold on the sanctities and the co-operations of life, the striving for brotherhood and the growing sense of brotherhood not only with the better man of the future but with the man of the past, be he better or worse. The new radicalism is reverent even toward the superstitions of men, for they also are religious and prophetic. They testify to the wealth of human nature, the permanent sacredness of religion and the power of religious ideas and ideals.

President Hanberg and Dunning.*

A committee of investigation is at present engaged in taking testimony and gathering evidence as to the condition of the county institutions situated at Dunning. The committee consists of five of the commissioners of Cook county, five citizens who have no connection with the public institutions there and President Hanberg, who serves ex officio. The quiet appointment of this committee by President Hanberg is one of the most interesting of recent political events. One is tempted to say that it might be called a non-political event so broad is the scope of its human interest, so different is it from the mere partisan administration of a public office, which the people have come to fear from their elected officers.

Immediately preceding the appointment of this committee there had been an investigation before the civil service board of Cook county of the alleged inhumane conduct of two attendants at Dunning. Although the finding of the board resulted in the acquittal of the attendants, it had become apparent from the material gathered by the press during the investigation that the organization of the institutions was antiquated and insufficient. President Hanberg was not satisfied with the condition existing. He appreciated that greater than any question of the guilt or innocence of any individual attendants was the fact that the equipment and method of the county institutions had failed to keep pace with the steady growth of the number of dependents in Cook county; he appreciated that the demands upon the institution had become enormous; that when the poor, the consumptive and the insane were crowded together, in numbers aggregating thousands, it became necessary to treat the complex situation with all the skill derived from modern and expert science.

Under such circumstances it was clearly not sufficient to the mind of President Hanberg that the matter should be allowed to drop from sight, a course that might have seemed easy politically; clearly not sufficient for his conscience that he should appoint a whitewashing committee to go into an investigation and report back that the rooms and buildings of the institutions were shining with cleanliness, as would undoubtedly be the fact. He was not deterred by the fact that he would undoubtedly arouse the antagonism of members of his own party who would be opposed to any investigation that might reflect on the party and might imperil the enjoyment of "jobs."

Under the authorization of the board of county commissioners he appointed upon the committee five responsible members from the board, together with Mrs. George M. Moulton, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Dr. Frank Billings, Dr. Hugh T. Patrick and Ernest P. Bicknell. The appointment of Dr. Billings and Dr. Patrick is a guarantee that the committee will have the advantage of the skill and wisdom of those two leaders in the medical profession; the appointment of Mrs. Moulton, Miss Lathrop and Mr. Bicknell is an assurance that scientific knowledge and experience in charities work will be the basis of any proposed action. The acceptance of the responsibilities of the work by these five members of the committee is a gratifying example of the subordination of private interests to the demands of society and the state, and evidence that President Hanberg has conferred upon them no empty powers.

The occasion and the opportunity were great and were ably met. It should not be forgotten that the members of the board of county commissioners are entitled to credit for their action in authorizing the committee. Of President Hanberg it may be said that he rose to the fullness of the situation, was courageous enough to meet anticipated criticism from his own party, broad-minded enough to invite to his assistance the most expert counsel, great enough to remove the whole discussion from the low plane of partisan politics to the high level that humanity demands. Under such inspiration the people may well look for intelligent and beneficent results in the report of the committee.

F. W. Burlingham.

*Dunning is the location of the Poor House of Cook County, Illinois, in which the city of Chicago is situated.

What is Back of William Lorimer?

The better element of the Republican party of Chicago is trying to rid itself of William Lorimer and his domination, the man who has repeatedly brought defeat to his party in Chicago, who confessedly stands in public estimation as a smirched man. The legend which the public has inscribed upon his shield for many years is "Where did he get it?" Though repudiated in his own district, he still thrives in the city at large, and it looks as though he is to carry county and national republicanism in his vest pocket for some time yet. But there is something back of William Lorimer. This "something" is well stated in a communication by Mr. William Kent to the *Record-Herald,* a part of which runs as follows:

You mistake the result for the cause. You charge William Lorimer with selling his influence for money. Who gave him the influence? Who gave him the money?

As you have queried again and again, "Where did he get it?" William Lorimer obtained his influence through the backing of competent and comfortable men who needed such a man in their business. Their business was to get rich or richer with the least possible exertion.

The line of least resistance lies in looting a stupid community, which cannot be brought to see the vastness of its common wealth, the accretions of mere centralizations, until those accretions are taken from them.

William Lorimer was made and aided by an aggregation of taxeaters who had good and sufficient reason for selecting him their chief, but most of all, William Lorimer owes his position to a foolish community to which at stated intervals the party is more than the nation and the faction greater than the universe.

Has it ever occurred to you that fungus grows only on decaying trees? As long as men are vicious there will be prostitutes, rating from Mme. de Pompadour, able and influential, down to the poor Fantine of Victor Hugo's masterpiece. Just as long as the top and bottom layers of society are corrupt and the great middle portion acquiescent, just so long will there be political prostitutes—some in silks and diamonds, some in ward caucuses.

If William Lorimer is guilty as charged, he is but an exuberant product of decay, but a symptom and not a primary cause of civic rottenness.

It is only among unclean people that there is tolerance for insect parasites. It is an obvious reply that the intelligent practice of medicine often requires the treatment of symptoms. You are certainly giving one symptom heroic treatment. But can you not get back nearer the cause of the disease?

If William Lorimer sold his influence to the traction companies and the gas trust, who did the buying? The traction companies and the gas trust, of course. But a corporation is simply an aggregation of stockholders who elect directors who elect officers who in some cases commit the meanest of civic crimes. Men are to blame, men who are well to do, men who are educated, men who drown their manhood in greed. Call the names of these purchasers of legislation, these fomenters of anarchy. Pillory them for a while, and, if perchance

some of them have left us, ask of their successors what they are going to do about it.

In the greed of gas trust and traction companies is the cause of what you charge against William Lorimer. That greed is the real menace; its effect it is not.

The grand jury indicted Alexander Sullivan and an assortment of petty bailiffs for jury bribing. The offense charged is one of the worst on the calendar, and terribly aggravated by the pitiable nature of the cases in which bribery was charged. People injured by this Juggernaut, it is alleged, were deprived of their rights to secure damages through the corrupting of their peers.

Here is a cause to be treated, the same cause that created the man who corruptly used his influence toward pillaging the community.

If Sullivan and the bailiffs are found guilty, we can hardly believe that out of their overflowing affluence and volunteer viciousness they purchased verdicts for downtrodden and penniless corporations. For whom did they do this work, under what figment of bookkeeping is this item of "justice" entered in the accounts of these corporations? Who are the men—the men—for corporations do not automatically bribe aldermen, jurors or congressmen?

And so, in defense of William Lorimer, I would again state that, if guilty as charged, he is but an effect and not a cause.

In his life's struggle he has probably never had time to consider the problem of ethics, and probably could not understand them if presented. He can scarcely have had much in the way of example to emulate, and probably would not recognize examples if found in books.

The great, the stupid people permit such men to rule them through the needless complications of the election system and the brazen clamor of partisanship.

The cowardly miscreants who hide behind the mask of corporate organizations and hold up the community, these, and the stupid public, are to blame for what you allege of William Lorimer.

William Lorimer is but a symptom, which should be obliterated, to be sure, and he certainly deserves the defense which I have given him.

Thanksgiving at Studebaker Hall, Chicago.

So much interest was manifested in the union Thanksgiving service, representing the independent and liberal churches of Chicago, held in Studebaker Hall last Thursday that we have changed our plans for this week's issue and postponed our Book Number for another week in order that we may give more publicity to the addresses there delivered.

That our readers will find them interesting reading we have no doubt, but that they will convey no adequate impression of the spirit and power of that meeting we also are persuaded, for the beautiful music rendered by the choir of Sinai Congregation, the noble organ handled by the organist of the same society, the lofty scripture, the elevated and elevating prayer, the dignity of the method and the earnestness of the speakers cannot be put into type. We speak within bounds when we say that in a long series of impressive services, reaching back through twenty years there never was a union Thanksgiving service in Chicago that appealed to so representative an audience in a more lofty and striking manner. The program as published last week was literally carried out without a missing number. The collection was adequate to meet all expenses, including one hundred and fifty dollars for the hall, with a snug margin which will go to the Public School Children's Aid Society, whose business it is to clothe and otherwise provide for indigent children of our public schools.

We believe that the service was one of far reaching influence, that it will make for the spirit of union more emphatically than ever before, and that its effect will be as benignant upon those who feared an heretical smirch by contact with those who took part, as upon those who are glad of every opportunity given them to stand for undogmatic religion and non-sectarian sympathies, sweeping the horizon of sincere thinking and earnest endeavor without regard to labels. May there be many more such services in Chicago.

Without further comment we give the addresses, all of which were stenographically reported by Miss Mary Burroughs, with the exception of the addresses of Dr. Stolz and Mr. Lazenby, they alone using manuscript.

Opening Remarks by R. A. White, presiding:

When some of my brethren suggested that I accept the onerous duties of presiding at this union Thanksgiving service I acquiesced very readily because it seemed to me a place of great honor with a minimum of work. But I have a grave suspicion that my brethren have "stolen a march" upon me, that the real reason for their putting me here was not to bestow honor upon me, but to put me in a position where I could not talk to any great extent. And I am going to surprise them by gratifying their desire. I have but two words to say at the opening of this service.

First, it seems to me very appropriate that the attention of this audience should be called to the very recent death of Mr. Studebaker at South Bend, Ind. I had a passing acquaintance with Mr. Studebaker, and knew him as a man most genial in his nature and cordial in his social relations. Mr. Studebaker belonged to that splendid old line of business men who have done so much for the commercial interests of Chicago and of the West. Nay, more, Mr. Studebaker claims our attention not merely as a successful business man on high lines, but as a man who during the busy years of business life found much time to devote to the sacred interests of religion and of philanthropy. I believe I speak for and express the sympathy of this entire audience of the churches here represented in this loss to the business, religious and philanthropic interests of the West. I say it seems appropriate that this brief and simple word should be uttered here on this platform because we are assembled in one of the great buildings which was the result of his business interest and enterprise. We are meeting in the Studebaker hall which takes its name from this great business man of our middle west.

My second word is simply a word of welcome. In the name of all the churches interested I welcome you this morning, my friends, not to a new Union Thanksgiving service, but to the old time honored Union Thanksgiving service in a new place. The reasons for this change are too well known to be recited here. And I trust that this is but the first of a series of great annual thanksgivings like this, either in this theater or elsewhere, that shall perpetuate the friendly relationships and the growing and deepening sympathies of the various liberal congregations of the city of Chicago.

We did not know until last Saturday noon that for a certainty this theater could be obtained, hence this meeting has been arranged very hastily, and it is very likely, indeed, I know that in this haste certain societies of Chicago that should be included were overlooked in sending out the formal invitations to this meeting. I wish to express the regret of my brethren for this oversight which was unintentional and which happened because of the haste in which we arranged this service, and if there are representatives or clergymen here from any of these churches or societies who failed to receive a formal invitation to this gathering, they would give me great pleasure as well as do honor to the brethren already assembled on this platform if they will kindly come forward and take a place with us during the singing of the hymn.

And now I commit this morning service to the program itself.

Reading of Psalm C. by Rabbi Tobias Schanfarber.

Prayer by Rev. W. M. Backus, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church.

O God, source of all love, "in whom we live, move and have our being," we ask that Thy spirit be the spirit of this hour. May its blessing rest upon us as we, the children of this life, we who exemplify this life within ourselves, meet here to utter our word of praise, our song of thanksgiving. We are grateful, O God, that Thy life is in us, that we may enjoy the glories of this beautiful day. We rejoice that we live. We are

glad to be alive. But we are also grateful that we live not alone, but that all about us is Thy life also seen, springing from the bounteous earth, existing about us in those we love, whose lives are a part of ours, those whose lives make this day possilbe to be enjoyed in the home with all the beauties of family life.

We come unto Thee with our rejoicing because Thou art our Father, and as we rejoice in the beauties which Thou hast given us and in the abundant mercies of life, in the abundance of the physical realm and in the glories of the spiritual. We also thank Thee for the shade as well as the sunshine. We realize that Thou art in the storm as well as in the calm. We realize that Thou art in those things that we call "hardships" as well as in our pleasures and in our joys. And we thank Thee for each. For we are apt to forget Thee in the joy, we are apt to forget Thee in the sunshine. But we are humble, and we remember Thee in the storm and the troubles that come into our lives.

As a nation we have great cause for Thanksgiving: Our granaries burst with the great harvest, and in all our cities is to be heard the hum of industry. We thank Thee for this, but we thank Thee yet more that as a nation we draw closer and closer together, that the great bereavement which befell us during the year was unto us but a bond to cement us closer together, and with renewed spirit of devotion and fellowship we are going forward toward the realization of those high ideals for which we stand, and at this hour when all Thy people praise Thee, O God, throughout the breadth and length of this land, when creed is forgotten, when origin is forgotten, when men everywhere stand together to thank Thee, we, too, would stand here and raise our voices in glorious thanksgiving to Thee, O Author, Creator and all of life, God our Father, in whom we live. Amen. ,

The Day We Celebrate by J. K. Mason, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church.

I have read somewhere that in one of the great battles of the Middle Ages when the warriors who had fallen upon either side of the field passed into the upper air, so intense was their interest in the affairs of earth that they could not look forward to the glories of paradise, but there in mid-air, continued the contest that they had engaged in so earnestly upon earth.

So I think that those brave souls who established the first Thanksgiving days on the bleak shore of New England must today in higher realms of life forget the raptures of that world, if they are interested in the affairs of earth, to rejoice and unite with us in thanksgiving and praise for the marvelous blessing of God upon our great nation and people; and for the fact that their thought and their purpose have shown such mighty influence and power upon all the succeeding generations. They could not foresee what marvelous things were to come to pass, though their prophetic souls may have looked forward to something of wondrous growth here in America. There on the bleak shore of New England, a few of them, weary, desolate and hungry, with the memories of starvation, death and disease in the past, and the first hopes of an abundant harvest leading them to thanksgiving, how little, I say, could they think, that in the generations to come in the centuries to follow, this nation was to grow and prosper as it has! Yet they found sufficient occasion to utter together the language of the glorious Psalm that has been read in our hearing at this time. They found occasion to lift their thoughts to the Eternal and to give thanks unto Him, "to enter into His courts with thanksgiving and come before His presence with praise." And because they taught that, their children caught it up and echoed the praises from grateful hearts. ,

And so with all the growth and expansion of our country, with all its increase of population, with all the varied creeds represented in our land today and with all the so-called progress of material philosophy and denial of the things that are spiritual and eternal, we find that our nation still continues to love the service of thanksgiving and praise; that we should feel sad at heart if the president of the United States did not call us together on some day in the year to remember the mercies of the Lord and to give praise unto His holy name.

It has been said that Thanksgiving is a thing that cannot be commanded, that it is useless to have days for such occasion, that if people are thankful they will be so, and that if there is no gratitude in their hearts we shall not help it by seeking to express, through formal thanks, our praise. Of course, there may be some truth in that, and yet I find occasion brings out latent thanks, latent love that I believe is in the hearts of all men. If there is no love in the human heart and no spirit of virtue in men in the midst of all outward bounteousness and blessing, then of course it is useless to have such days. But who shall say there is not?

I have known men who appeared to have little sentiment, men hard, coarse and rough in all dealings with their fellows, and yet I have seen such men smile, look kindly about them and begin to forget everything else because a little child had come to them and awakened in them the love that had not found expression in their relation with their fellows. And so I think such days as this and such glorious assemblages as this of human beings, children of the common Father, ought to do something to awaken that spirit of thanksgiving in our hearts so appropriate, and more than that, so noble, because, just in proportion as the spirit of gratitude is awakened in that proportion do we become kind and thoughtful of others. The moment one realizes that he owes his blessings to some power greater than himself, then straightway he turns to his fellowmen, the children of that same Infinite Bounty, and sees within himself the possibilities of carrying out prayers and sacrifices of thanksgiving unto the Lord.

So I am glad we have Thanksgiving Day. What does it stand for, my friends? What does it emphasize? Does it not emphasize the fact that we are grateful for life itself, for the very existence we have in this world of wondrous beauty and suggestiveness? O I do not think we realize enough the value of life itself. Those dreary theologies that have come down to us from past times, when men were in ignorance and superstition, have made human nature so gloomy that life has seemed anything but the blessing it ought to be. We find many people thinking of life as not worth living. But the more we contemplate it, especially in the dawn of the twentieth century, the more profound cause do we have for thanksgiving. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that sometimes on a winter night when the stars were shining bright in the heavens, and the glistening snow on every side, he has walked through the streets of his home town rejoicing in the fact that he simply lived. So I think that we today ought to be grateful to God because we live. Some naturalist has said that it is his opinion that all the lower forms of life are unspeakably happy, that there is great joy in existence itself of which they may not be fully conscious. We ought to share their joy and be conscious of it, and simply because we live and find existence so beautiful and find the world growing so much better and our opportunities and advantages increasing as we are borne on and on toward the kingdom of heaven, we ought to give thanks unto the Lord.

And then for another cause we need to be grateful today. The day emphasizes especially the fact that liberty is making progress in this world, civic liberty, intellectual liberty, religious liberty. Think how it has grown in power and how it has pervaded the nations of the earth in these last three centuries or even in this last century. When our fathers established the first Thanksgiving Day they thanked God because they

were permitted to worship Him according to the dictates of their own consciences, though in the midst of outward privation, with little of the comfort and opportunity we have. Think of the progress that has been made since then! Think of the Declaration of Independence, think of the setting apart of our nation towards its marvelous destiny, think of the final recognition of England of our rights and her extension of reciprocal honors in the early part of the last century, 1822 I think; again, of the wonderful liberation of the slave here in our country and all over the world,—England freeing her slaves in the colonies and Russia liberating her serfs. Think again of the institutions that have sprung up under the fostering care of liberty, angel of light, who has come to this fair land, and has led this nation and is leading it on to joys yet unconceived by heart of man. Free schools that so wonderfully advance the opportunities of free speech and the training of men to think for themselves, and to believe that all reverent thought will lead them nearer and nearer to the truth.

Then when we turn to our personal experiences, my friends, when you and I look back not only over this year, but over all the years of our lives, do we not each one feel that we are on holy ground, and so lift grateful hearts to the Infinite Spirit, who leads each one of us, who knows each one of us by name and has called us into existence that we may bear witness to His truth?

I knew a man who as a boy lived in a little home where hung a motto, "In everything give thanks." When first that motto was hung there upon the wall of the common living room, father, mother, brothers and sisters, and the surroundings of comfort belonged to the lad. But as the days went on the mother passed away, the father sank to his rest, the brothers and sisters scattered, and all outward opportunities were gone; the lad was left alone simply to see the motto hanging there, "In everything give thanks." Once there had been prosperity, now there was poverty and loneliness. But God was with him. The boy went forth upon his way and gained an education, power, influence and friends in the world, and looking back, he said: "It is a matter to be thankful to God for even when we are alone, since life is not all for pleasure but a place where we are to win character, grace, strength and truth." I would not ask that my life should be all blessing. Does the soldier upon the field cease to be grateful for life because hardships are to be endured? Do the surgeon, the sister of mercy, the nurse going forth upon errands of peril find no happiness in life because going to dangers, pestilence, sickness, sudden death? All these things but give heroism, grandeur and meaning to life.

And so today as we stand here, not only as a nation, not only for life and liberty, but because each life has been lived along the ways of God's appointment and may find occasion constantly for blessing, let us give thanks unto God and enter His house with praise.

The Triumphs of Democracy, by Rabbi Joseph Stolz of Isaiah Congregation.

In the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln, "a democracy is a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It should equitably serve the highest interest of all classes: rich and poor, master and servant, high-born and low-born, educated and uneducated, native and alien, capitalist and laboring man, millionaire and proletaire. Sacred to the eternal principles of justice, liberty, equality, right, peace and humanity, its institutions should minister to the welfare of all classes.

But a democracy is not only a government of and for the people; it is also a government by the people. The people rule; the people make laws; the people create institutions; the people determine policies; the people decide the vital problems of political economy and sociology. The people thus have responsibilities as well as privileges, duties as well as rights. The people should all desire to do freely and voluntarily what the wisest, most unselfish, most patriotic statesmen would want to do for them. But "the people" is a complex quantity. It represents millions of individuals, with as many different minds and hearts, as many different interests, hopes and fears. What a stupendous task to unite them and make them feel their interdependence! "The people" means members of many churches, children of many races, sons born under many flags, men toiling in many different occupations, living in many different homes, speaking many different languages, educated in many different schools, reading many different books and newspapers, and holding many shades of opinion. What a task to weld them together and make them feel that there is a common bond that unites them and a common duty that awaits them! Religion divides "the people" into sects and denominations; society breaks them up into little cliques; politics disintegrate them into factions; blood ties sever them into racial units; business turns them into competitors; education into so many distinct individualities; and yet despite their conflicting interests, prejudices and opinions they are to unite upon some policy and join hands in the selection of the men who are to make and execute their laws. What a gigantic undertaking that is!

And no wonder men ask: When principles are at stake, can the people be trusted? Will they distinguish between the demagogue and the statesman, the opportunist and the prophet, the schemer and the scholar? Will they discriminate between truth and partisanship and not be misguided by the fallacies and misrepresentations of prejudiced stump-speakers and newspapers? Will they not follow the path of those who truckle to their weaknesses? Will they not listen to the man who flatters them and cries peace, peace, when there is no peace, and turn their backs to him who tells them unpleasant truths and utters solemn admonitions? When votes are counted and not weighed, and the tramp and the loafer and the illiterate man and the gambler and the drunkard have as much authority and as much influence upon the result as have the professor, the college graduate, the earnest father of a family, the virtuous patriot, the responsible citizen—will questions finally be decided upon their merits? When dissatisfaction prevails, may not the mouthings of demagogues gather strength? While those who have special interests at stake may be vigilant and active, may not those who have no vested interests to protect, no axes to grind, no taxes to dodge, leave the run of things to lobbies, trusts, bosses and political machines?

These are some of the vexed problems that arise in a government by the people; and not only European governments jealous of the growth of democratic institutions, have noticed our discomfiture, but many an ardent patriot has tremblingly asked himself whether in the light of present experience our foundations were really secure, for you may be victorious in battle on land and sea, you may expand your dominion to the distant orient, you may have railroads to honeycomb your country from shore to shore, your granaries may overflow with cereals, your counting-house clearings may reveal extraordinary financial prosperity, your stocks and bonds may be bringing big dividends, the population may be increasing with gratifying rapidity, magnificent buildings may adorn your public squares and boulevards, splendor may reign in your capitals and luxury in your homes; but if there be lacking the proper civic spirit, if the educated and the wealthy classes hold aloof from public life and feel not the sense of public duty and public trust which *noblesse oblige* imparts to the aristocracy of Europe, then your republic cannot rest on a stable foundation, even if it have behind it more than a hundred years of inspiring

history. Splendid arts and a noble literature did not save the Republic of Athens. A strong and prosperous and rich government did not give perpetuity to the Republic of Rome. Successful commerce, fine arts and martial strength did not secure the continuance of the Venetian Republic. And our Republic, with all our material grandeur, will not endure unless the best citizens put their hands to the machinery of government.

And this is what has appalled many ardent lovers of our country and made them indulge in pessimistic forecasts; the fact that so many of those who ought to constitute our best citizens never sit in the jury-box, never will accept an office, take no part in practical politics and often will not even take the trouble to vote. The consequence is that this vast country, this free country, this intelligent country, this country with its sublime history and sublime destiny is almost abandoned to a swarm of office-seekers, who make the initial stages of a political career so humiliating, disagreeable and disreputable; who so ostensibly put their own ambition and their own interests above the interests of their city, state or country that many of our best men cannot under any circumstances be induced to enter political life. Of course, the "bosses" then have it pretty much their own way, and, more for their own aggrandizement than for the public weal, they dictate nominations, platforms, appointments, public works and even legislation.

This, I said, distressed many of us; but, during the past year, two things occurred which should be mentioned gratefully to-day, because they are prophetical of a triumphant democracy: the one, the latent strength our nation revealed when our beloved President was shot down by the murderous hand of a dastardly assassin, and the other the downfall of the New York boss, and the victory of the people over the evil forces of Tammany.

I am confident there is not another nation that would have acted as calmly, as composedly, as justly as we did those trying days of our mourning and sorrow and humiliation, when a son of our own flag and our own schools laid low our chief executive—not another nation that would have changed administrations under such perilous circumstances with so little friction. This demonstrated beyond peradventure that at heart our nation was perfectly sound; that our people were indeed a unit.

And when in New York city the churches, the ministers, the professors, the editors, the educated and the wealthy, the men and the women, the college president and the college student, united their forces and worked together with the humblest classes, irrespective of party affiliation, to wipe out moral corruption, it showed that we were powerfully strong even where we thought ourselves the weakest—in our metropolitan cities. We were afraid of the foreigners; but Mr. Jerome, the most striking figure in the campaign, said after the battle was over: "It was the foreign element on the East Side that won the victory."

We thought the foreigners could not be Americanized. But Mr. Jerome said: "In that great East Side, from the commencement of this campaign to the end, there was one sentiment that met always instantaneous, heartfelt, earnest response, and that was when those people were appealed to, not as Jews, not as Germans, but as American citizens.

"No one accustomed to public speaking, if he will give a little thought to it, can fail to get a certain amount of applause out of an audience. That may be done by trick and device, as we say in the criminal law, just as easily as any bunko or conspiracy game can be worked for a certain length of time, but no one would ever dream, who had any political sagacity, of appealing to a brown-stone audience on the ground that they, as American citizens, had any obligation.

"To them, to be a citizen of the greatest city of this country; to them, to be a citizen of a city in which the most important problems of the age are being worked out—for, after all, the municipal problem is fast coming to be the problem of national life—to them that does not seem to be anything; but to the poor fellow on the East Side, whose clothes may not be as clean, nor his person either, as yours, but to whom the municipal problem is a daily factor, is something that touches his home life, something that touches him in his commercial life, that touches him on every side of his activity; to him to be an American citizen means something.

We thought the plain people could not be moved, and now we have found out that when properly led they can be approached with argument, persuasion and example.

And what has that taught us? That if there be a defect in our government, the defect is not inherent in the nature of the Republic, but that *we* are to blame. If things go wrong, it is not the fault of the ignorant immigrant; it is because *we*, the so-called better class, will not assume the obligations of citizenship, because *we* will not accept of an office, or will not vote, or will not be active in the primaries, or will not rise above blind partisanship and exert our whole influences in behalf of the best men and the best principles, rather than in the blind interests of a party or a party boss.

Assuredly, our Republic suffers not from a dearth of good men. No country ever produced loftier types of dauntless courage and uncompromising devotion to principles than William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-workers in the abolitionist cause. There never was a people that gave their blood more freely for their flag; and how many fine characters and brilliant talents gladly offered themselves on the altar of their country!

The fault lies not in the lack of men, but in the lack of interest, in the lack of the true civic spirit.

But during the past few years the civic consciousness has undoubtedly been awakened. It omens well for the future, when the president of one of our foremost universities resigns his distinguished office to marshal the forces against the most corrupt and most powerful political organization in the land. It is a good sign when a successful university professor expresses his willingness to serve in the common council of our city. It means much more than most people realize, when, to get political "pull' out of our schools, the Board of Education elects its honest, efficient and courageous superintendent of schools for a term of five years. Civic federations and municipal leagues are doing much to correct evils. Good citizens are beginning to put their hands to the machinery of government, and we have to-day in the city of Chicago the most reputable, honest and capable board of aldermen we have ever had in the history of our municipality. Young men now growing up under the inspiration of a purer civic spirit will soon be a potent force for good. Our school-children are imbibing some of the spirit that swayed their fathers forty years ago; and our school-teachers are setting an illustrious example of daring devotion to civic righteousness. More of our newspapers are renouncing the fierce partisanship which beclouded their moral judgment and made the country's interests subservient to the party's interests, and bravely they are upholding the claims of an independent moral citizenship. We need not despair of our government. If men can pull themselves together in larger crises, as they did in New York, they can do it in Philadelphia, in Chicago, and in smaller crises elsewhere.

Friends, this vast experiment of political freedom will not be a failure. We will not disappoint the believers in universal suffrage who founded our gov-

ernment nor those who jealously are watching it from all ends of the earth.

Too much is at stake of what is most precious to humanity, and it would be the height of ingratitude to deprive our children and children's children of what our fathers handed down to us with their lives and their blood. Let us have no fear. Our democracy will be triumphant. We will overcome all difficulties and solve all perplexities. Of all the freely flowing waters of our modern civilization there is no portion which has been brought to us at such risk of life and such cost of blood as our political liberties and our civic institutions. From Marathon to Salamis, from the Netherlands under William the Silent, from the British sailors who fired the Spanish Armada, from Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor, from the Plains of Abraham, from Bunker Hill and Bennington, from Quebec and Saratoga, from Trenton and Yorktown, from Gettysburg and the Wilderness, from all the brave souls who have risked their lives for liberty and law, for justice and humanity, we receive with the one hand the blessings they bought us with their blood and with the other hand we will not transmit curses to our children and our children's children. The people may be trusted. They are sound at heart. The tragedy at Buffalo, the victory at New York, have demonstrated it. Let all the nation give praise to God and enter His gates with thanksgiving.

The Home, by Rev. Albert Lazenby, Pastor of Unity Church. Paper withheld, to be supplied later.

The Higher Thankfulness, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

I like the story of Emerson which tells of the Second Adventist who came to him one day in great excitement and said, "Mr. Emerson, the world is coming to an end within a given date." "Well," Emerson smilingly replied, "never mind; we can get along without it."

I like that last bequest, the noblest as it seems to me of many bequests John Fiske has left us, when only a short time before he died he said that the evolution of the individual had reached its climax. There is, he said, not much more to be expected in that direction. The upright position and the thumb finished the material mechanism of man, but the next step in evolution is the co-ordination of men, the development of corporate life on the earth.

I like to match that bequest of John Fiske with the ringing words of Browning in his youth when he put into the mouth of Paracelsus the saying:

"Make no more giants, Lord, but elevate the race at once."

And so the higher thanksgiving that waits upon us here today is, first, the thought that you can take away most of this world and there will still be enough left to live for and with. And the other thing is, if we are to perpetuate this thanksgiving it must be by enhancing and elevating the corporate life of man. We cannot play separately successfully any longer. We must play together or not play at all. And so the message of Thanksgiving, the higher Thanksgiving, is that which reaches out for new expressions of the divinest words: Co-operation, Co-ordination, Communion,——

I cannot do better than that. I need say no more. Go on with your next speech.

Our American Ideals, by Emil G. Hirsch.

Are there "American Ideals?" The Greek philosopher to whose vocabulary we owe the first coining of the term, thought that ideas and therefore also ideals were cradled in the creative mind of Deity. If God is the primary and ultimate source of ideas and ideals, to limit their scope by restrictive adjectives would be self-contradictory. For God connotes the universal; and whatever proceeds from his intention and purpose cannot be less than all-encompassing. To name ideals American borders on inconsistency. But one that from the high watch tower of philosophy observes the tides in that shoreless ocean which we call history cannot but be deeply impressed with the truth that in the universal intentions of the universal God distinctive duties are assigned to certain groups of men. For in the stupendous laboratory where God's purposes are wrought, the principle of division of labor obtains. Individuals and clans, nations and races are called to definite tasks which are theirs distinctively in the economy of the all. For the faithful performance of what it is theirs to do they are held accountable before the judgment seat of history and humanity. The doctrine of election spells no untenable presumption. Israel was chosen and so was Greece. And the ideals that gradually took on visible form in the life of these appointed doers of their distinctive task thus corresponded to the separate contribution which it was theirs to make to the wealth of all men. Our nation, too, is called to a definite responsibility. To deny this were to dispute that mind and spirit preside at the loom where are spun the threads working into the fabric of humanity's ever enlarging achievements. When the universal sunbeam, as it were, falls through the prism of America's historic self-consciousness it displays certain well-marked spectral lines. And these lines may truthfully be labeled American ideas and ideals.

What may they be? This inquiry is certainly prompted by the associations of this hour and emphasized as of importance by the suggestions of this solemn occasion. We cannot say that the principles fundamental to our political institutions or dogmas are of American finding. Before there was an American republic, thinkers in other lands had phrased them. In France and elsewhere philosophers had evolved speculatively the doctrines of man's inalienable rights. They had called to the confidence of their glowing periods about men's equality and their liberty the reading world under every sky. Many of the institutions, too, that in a loose way we have come to regard as typically expressive of our national life and character had for ages been vital in the jurisprudence and administrative art of the Teutonic peoples. We therefore cannot with an easy method point to these principles or practices as the distinctive trust to the keepership of which Providence has called our noble commonwealth of states. This, however, is equally patent. That our people proceeded from theory to practice, and that, too, with an abounding and unshakable faith in the workable nature of its dogmas about freedom and equality, which never before had had to such an intense degree sway over the earnest resolutions of men. Having become convinced that government was to be by the people and of the people, our fathers ceased philosophizing. They discarded all hesitancy. They, declaring men to be free, at once trusted the free man to guard his own freedom and to find in his freedom the solution for whatever perplexity might arise in the succession of time's onward movements. The theory which we have adopted is in fact from more than one point of view open to serious questioning. The deeper insight which has come to us of later decades into the whims and necessities of nature would suggest, and with unmistakable emphasis, that men are not equal. Nature distributes her favors with an uneven hand. And as we are the children of our parents we knock at the gates of life unequally equipped for its struggles. Men are welcomed to the duties of earthly station heavily burdened or heavenly winged. The past holds us captive with greater tyranny than we would admit. Yet what to the American all these objections? He has been anxious and willing to let his theory be tried in the searching fires of actual experiment. Let men believe themselves free and equal and in the acting of duties which go with freedom and equality put to scorn the supposedly omnipotent influences of heredity and environment. The records of our national history have justified, and that most gloriously, the confidence and courage of the fathers.

Their trust in the people has on the whole been proven not to have been misplaced. This trust in the people is the distinctively American contribution to the treasure-house of human ideals. For it our nation stands sponsor, and as such for its continued and ever enlarged application to the affairs of men our nation is accountable before the judgment seat of God. Let men be called to the duties which are corelated with their rights, they will grow up to and into them. One who would learn how to swim must go into water. One that would establish freedom on earth must permit men to act as freemen. Government on the American plan does not act from above downward, but from below upward. In the justified joy of ours, that our plan has been approved of by time's unbribable verdict, we, however, shall remember as an axiomatic truth involved in our very theory that what trust we have in the people shall for ever and without departure or modification remain the consecrated principle of American action in our dealings with those of our common human stock that are not of our nation. Two antithetical principles of political action have been in the past the impelling forces of the nations in their relations to one another. The one may be labeled Roman, for it was carried to its boldest consequences by the statesmen and rulers of the imperial city: *Divide et impera,* Divide and weaken others and then rule over them. Power, superior military or economic resources were first the means to execute this policy, and were then invoked as moral justifications of the unselfish course pursued. To be weak condemned at once the small nation to extinction if such throttling of the feebler life of neighbor or competitor suited the purposes of Roman egotism. This policy is out of reason and rhyme with American ideals. Weakness and might are not factors in the equation of men's reciprocal relations according to the implications of our political canons. Weak men and small nations have rights which the strongest shall not touch or ignore. Rome demanded that all the peoples of earth shall serve her. The American creed accentuates the opposite insistence that America shall be for all other nations. But let us clearly understand what this American position excludes. In these days the air has been stirred under many skies by loud phraseology about the "white man's burden." Under the assumption that upon the stronger is the responsibility for the weaker—an assumption which cannot be denied and must not be blurred—the altogether pernicious inference has been worked out that it is the right of the stronger to impose his will upon the weaker without let or leave on the part of the people so placed under tutelage. Men have presumed to say which nations be eligible to the privileges of self-government and which be not. Is this in consonance with our American ideals? It is not. Many a European potentate might insist that among us there may be many that cannot be trusted with partnership in political prerogatives. Yet will we submit to interference? We know that not every citizen by law is a replica of the ideal American, and this, our knowledge, is not based on our acquaintance with the poor, the foreigners, the untutored alone. It has found evidences ample, though sad, in the circles of the well-to-do, the refined, the natives, the educated. Yet for all that we shall continue to trust the people as a whole, and should, on the plea that our municipalities are a foul blot on the fair face of civilization, another power propose to take us in hand and impress upon us its superior ways of administering city matters, to a man should we resent the arrogant offer of instruction and compulsory adoption of the higher methods. Our destiny we claim is in our hands. But what we claim for ourselves we have no right to deny to others, be they weak or strong. May be our civilization is higher than another. In all earnestness, our institutions represent a nobler ideal than despotism or dictatorships do. Nevertheless, if another people prefers despotism to democracy, it is not our mission to force upon it self-government. Even weak groups of men have the right to determine whether they will accept our tutelage or not. The extension over our spinning globe of American ideas is an inspiring theme. Shall we construe our providential mission to be that it is ours to compel other peoples to accept them? If it be, then why in all the world do we not make haste to bring Russia under the dominion of our political ideals? Five millions of Jews, men, women and children, there pine under suffering that beggars description. The horrors of concentration camps in Africa or in Cuba assume the semblance of Paradise when contrasted with the Inferno into which these subjects of the Tzar have been cast. One million of Mennonites have been crying for justice many a circling year, and have had no redress for their just grievances. Why do we not call Russia to account? Finland has been deprived of her constitutional rights. What have we done in her behalf? The doctrine invoked in justification of departures from our American practice is clearly illogical. Or is it our mission only to be the schoolmaster, with rod and stern discipline for little brown folk, while burly Cossacks and Tartars may be left to their sweet pleasure? We display a wholesome self-restraint when those that under the new construction of our national mission should, if any, be taken under our civilizing pedagogy have as many thirteen-inch guns and ironclads as we have. So this new creed resolves itself into a question of brute power after all. Those that are too weak to reject our "benevolence" may be dosed with the wholesome concoction from our medicine chest. But when the patient has strength enough to make the application of the drug exceedingly unpleasant for the self-constituted and, of course, exceedingly benevolent nurse, it would seem our national destiny is held in abeyance.

Underneath this cant about our providential mission hides the ugly jargon of greed and materialism. Let us not lay the emphasis on commercial and industrial prosperity as fundamental to our thankfulness. Yea, the blessings which are ours as the rewards of our thrift and labor are many and varied and rich. Our mills have been busy; our granaries are well stocked. Opportunity to work has been denied to perhaps none. Famine has not laid siege to our homes. But shall we not remember what that American thinker, our Emerson, has put so strongly that "the world does not rest on iron or cotton, but on ideas"?

His even was the protest against making commerce pivotal in the ambitions of the nation. Yet when he prophesied the hope was still ardent in the hearts of men that with the growing ascendency of commerce in the councils of the nations and the widening sweep of industry war would be unweaponed and peace at last find a permanent abode among men. This confidence has been rudely shaken. Commerce, the markets, trade, have called to their service army and navy. Enough of course of shame is still effective to keep us from phrasing our materialism openly and brutally. We pretend that civilization is central to our solicitude. A strange way this of spreading civilization. While shouting about it, we shoot it into its unwilling recipients. We first make a desert of islands and hamlets of jungle and veldt in order that the sweet flowers of our civilization may, I suppose, have freer room to grow up later. Civilization, indeed! Gold mines and diamond fields and franchises and concessions would be the truer avowal. In other parts of the world we would plant the seed of our religion. The nations did not meddle in China—perish the thought—to force open new markets. No, they sent out their soldiers on a modern crusade. I am, I know, an unregenerated Jew. That may explain my

stubborn preferences for my own way of going to heaven, if ever I shall get there. The Chinese, too, shall have, and have, the right to determine their own methods of making the final station. If they would go on a freight train, while I travel on a fast limited, it is their business and not mine. The open door certainly appeals to me as a just insistence. But if China's doors shall be open to America, where is the fair play in America's determination to bar its doors to China?

It is true, as we have heard this very morning, that the days for individualism have set. We are under the zodiacal sign of combination, co-operation, internationalism. America may not maintain its former splendid isolation. We have to share the burdens, because we claim the privileges of a world-power. But the greater America that is about to make its influence tell in the destinies of the race shall not be that of the bully. Not the repeating rifle shall be its reliance. It must be baptized by the consecration of the thought that "not by might and not by power, but by my spirit, says the Lord." We shall conquer by example. Let our institutions at home be made perfect, our political life grow to be intensely patriotic; let it be cleansed of all self-seeking and foul corruption; can the thinking world then forego to become convinced that our trust in the people is the better expedient of adjusting governmental action? Let our home life be on so sublime a plane that the whole race be inspired to study from what roots of moral strength this beautiful flower was grown; let our schools and academies, our universities and museums, be made the best that humanity ever called its own—will that not be a most potent agency to spread abroad the gospel of true Americanism? Let our religious spirit take on such earnestness and the churches such breadth and depth that at their mere mention all thinking men will be stirred to understand that freedom is the very life atmosphere of true religiosity, and will thus be convinced that religion can well forego the crutches of official establishments and the swaddles of state ecclesiasticism. Let our benevolence be so strong in its social responsibilities that hunger and squalor and vice and crime be forced to retreat from the midst of us; will not this induce men in other climes to follow our lead? Let our literature speak out in notes of truth that must awaken echoes far and near; will this not extend the power of American ideas? Then, the pulpits, and the press, the thought and the spirit of men will be ours, and even the markets of the world will not fail us if in our commerce integrity and justice shall be the ruling anxieties. The spirit is mightier than the sword to expand the empire of American civilization. Oh, might this greater America reconsecrate itself to a patriotism that remembers the significance of our flag, a flag that has borrowed the blushes of the rising sun and the brilliancy of the starry sky, the velvet of the velveted firmament, to company the white of God's liberty and justice! In that sign, indeed, we shall conquer.

Strange is it not that the same man that has twanged the lyrics of barrack brutality and rhymed about the "white man's burden" has in his nobler moods metered the most solemn appeal that ever in these new days of armaments and high explosives fell from lips of singer and seer? Yet Rudyard Kipling wrote the one hymn that, born in the nineteenth, will ring its notes in ever clearer and clearer certainty into the growing conscience of the twentieth century. That hymn, indeed, may caution us, too, "lest we forget, lest we forget." If we lay to heart what that poem's sublimities imply we shall contribute to make American ideals regnant in the world of men and motives. Where the Arctic night in absolute autocracy holds captive the frosty children of the year, and where equator balances in perfect equality the hours of sunshine and starlight; where temperate skies coax on both chilly tides from northern caverns and softer balms cradled in the birth-chambers of southern zephyrs, in desert and in waving fields, in bustling towns and somnolent villages, then, wherever men do dwell, they will look up to our flag as the one hope of their lives, the one pledge that justice shall be enthroned on earth and liberty never depart from the dwellings of men. Yea, their dreams of Kingdom come will take on more definite outline. Its foretaste they will seek in the joy of their knowledge that one great, strong nation, in its very strength and greatness, has laid aside ambitions of conflict and idealized instead the visions of sturdy peace. Let where our banners float the harsh speech be hushed which rants and rages about the superiority of Anglo-Saxon or Teuton, or Aryan or Semite or Latin or Greek. Let, however, take on deeper eloquence the conviction that humanity is essentially one that from the common storehouse of ideas each people or race has received what for the economy of all it shall utilize and fructify. Ours has been the portion of the people of liberty activized. Therefore, let us in the exuberance of our gratitude pray:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube or iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

Amen.

Remarks by the Chair.

The only regret that we have in this service is that the man under whose genial smile we have sat for so many years, who has presided with such grace and sweetness of spirit over these union Thanksgiving services, is not with us today. Dr. Thomas is speaking at the University of Chicago, but we know he is with us in spirit.

And I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing my own personal thanks, and in so doing I am sure I express yours, for the kindness of the choir and organist of Sinai Temple, who have rendered us such beautiful music.

Benediction by Mr. Jones.

Once more, O Father, touched with the holy sense of kinship may we go forth to serve Thee in that gladness and thoughtfulness that will bring "the peace that passeth all understanding," the peace that will encircle the earth and embrace the nations, the peace of God that abideth evermore in the heart of the loving. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

VIII.

The Sacrifice of Isaac.

I must tell you a little now about the boy Isaac, the child of Abraham and his wife, Sarah. As Ishmael had gone away with the other wife, Hagar, this child, you see, was all the dearer to Abraham. He kept thinking what a great, strong man the boy would become when grown up, and how he could depend upon him to take his place and be the head of the tribe and receive all his wealth when he should die. I fancy he cared more for this boy than for all his flocks and herds and silver and gold taken together. Probably he would rather have lost them all—money and flocks and herds—and have nothing left, than to have lost this boy Isaac.

Abraham had been quite an old man when Isaac was born. He did not expect, therefore, to have any other children; and so his whole heart was set on this boy. He liked to go wherever the child went, and play with him and educate him in every possible way. It was plain that he loved his child much more than he had ever loved himself, because, as we have said all along, Abraham was not a selfish man.

All the while, as we are told, the Ruler of the World had been watching over Abraham and his family, thinking how this man might be the father of many nations, and how all the world should be blessed through this man's family. And he decided to put Abraham to a test. You know what that means—being put to a test. It comes pretty hard, sometimes; and any number of people have failed who have been put to a test. They may have been looked upon as good and true and strong and brave. They may have thought that way of themselves, never doubting that they would do what was told them, and would stand up always for what was right. But, then, when the test came, and the trial was before them, they would break down altogether, because they were not as strong as they thought they were; they had been weak and did not know it. This, of course, would be an awful blow to them and to all who knew them. It would almost seem as if Abraham, being an old man now, had been put to enough trials and that he should have had peace for the rest of his days.

But no; the Lord Over All was determined to put him to one more severe test; and it was the most awful test that could be thought of. It was to be decided whether Abraham would obey, even if he was commanded to give up his darling boy, Isaac. And so one day the Great Ruler spoke to him and said: "Abraham!" and he answered obediently, "Here am I." Then came the awful words—think how they must have struck on the father's heart—"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

You know what this meant. You remember we described the altars at the time when Adam and Eve were bringing up their sons, Cain and Abel; and you recollect how Cain and Abel made their offerings on an altar. It meant, you see, sacrifice—sacrificing life. Usually it was the life of some tender young animal. But now Abraham was called upon to offer up the life of his own son—his only child—in obedience to the Lord's command. Can you think of any severer test? Was it not something awful for poor old Abraham? He had waited so many long years for this child—it was his last hope—in order that he might have a family to come after him. If this boy were to be taken away, he felt sure he would go down in sorrow to his grave.

It would not have surprised us much if Abraham, in his old age, had refused, and said No. It may be we should have almost forgiven him, because of his great love for his only son, Isaac. But far back in his younger days Abraham had begun by learning how to obey. When he had been told to arise and leave the land of the Chaldees, he started out into an unknown country without a question, and started *at once*. It had been his practice all his life to obey rules and commands.

And now, therefore, in spite of the anguish in his heart, he did not wait. I suppose from this moment all the joy of life went out for him; probably he never expected to have any happiness again for the rest of his days. But there was one thing he was going to do, anguish or no anguish: He was going to obey.

Early in the morning he took two of his young men with him, and Isaac, his son; and he prepared the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up and went to the place of which the Great Ruler had told him. It was quite a long distance from where he lived to this other land, at that time—two or three days' journey. This made it seem all the harder and made the test much worse. Many persons can obey if they can do at once what has been told them; but when they must wait quite a while, and thus have time to think it over, then it is another matter.

And all this while, throughout all the weary journey, Abraham must have been thinking deeply—thinking of his only child, whom he was to give up. I am sure he could not have slept one moment, day or night, while on that journey. The temptation must have been very severe for him to change his mind and go back again. But the habit he had formed of always obeying, staid with him now. Long and weary as the journey was, he did not falter. On he went, with his boy, until he came at last to the land of Moriah. When all was ready, Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac, his son, and he took in his hand the fire and the knife; and they went both of them together.

As yet the boy knew nothing of what was to happen. He had been educated to obey in the same way as his father, Abraham. He did not even ask any questions, but followed on faithfully during those several days in which they journeyed. But now, when everything was in readiness, he turned to his father and said: "My father?" And the father said: "Here am I, my son." And the boy said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" And Abraham said: "The Lord will provide the lamb for a burnt offering, my son." And so they went, both of them, to the place together. And Abraham built the altar there and laid the wood in order and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. All this time the boy said never a word. He did not know what was to be done. He asked no more questions. He quietly submitted to whatever Abraham was doing, with a full trust in his heart.

The moment had arrived. The sacrifice was to be made. Abraham was ready for the test—to stretch forth his hand grasping the knife, and slay his son. Then the Ruler of the World knew that Abraham could be trusted, and could obey, that this man at least was willing to give up, and not always wanting to have his own way.

As Abraham was just about to strike with his knife, he heard a voice speaking to him, saying, "Abraham!" And he answered, "Here am I." And the voice continued: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad; neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou art willing to obey, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son."

Then Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and there was a ram near by, caught in a thicket by his horns. He felt that he was called upon to make a burnt offering of some kind on the altar, and so he went and took the ram and offered it up as a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

Then once more came the promise which Abraham had received in his younger days. Now he knew what it meant. And the voice of the Great Ruler said to him again: "Because thou hast done this thing and hast been willing to give up thy son, thine only son, if it should be necessary; remember that in blessing, I will bless thee. In thee and thy family shall all the nations of the earth be blest, because thou hast known how to obey."

And so Abraham, with a glad heart, took his boy and went back home again, happy that his boy was spared and that he had shown courage and fulfilled his duty.

To the Teacher: This is a most important lesson, and yet one which may be very difficult for you to

handle in just the most suitable way. You wish to make the children feel that Abram did right in obeying, and yet not to let them feel that human sacrifice can possibly be right in itself. In a vague way, however, you can suggest that one's duty stands even above father or mother love and must always come first. If the questions should come as to why Sarah was not also consulted, the answer may be given that it was not the custom in those days for mothers to have the same position of authority in the family as at the present time. Speak of it all as belonging to a far, far away world. Discuss what a "test" means, and show how people are constantly being tested in small things without knowing it. Dwell much on the obedient spirit of Abraham, this great man who had had so much power and was so free to do as he pleased.. Point out the gentle spirit of Isaac and his trust in his father. Emphasize the promptitude of Abraham's obedience.

MEMORY VERSES.—*Lay not thine hand upon the lad; neither do thou anything to him; for now I know that thou art willing to obey, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son.*

Because thou hast done this thing and hast been willing to give up thy son, thine only son, remember that in blessing I will bless thee. In thee and thy family shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—As the bird's restlessness declares him native to the fields and sky, so man's impatience with the limitations of his knowledge declares him native to an infinite inheritance of expansive reason.

MON.—Religion is the whole of man responding to the whole of God.

TUES.—Human nature has not thought out, it has *experienced*, religion.

WED.—The effort to attain unto the knowledge of God, though never so fruitless, could not be ignoble.

THURS.—Never has the revelation of God assumed such grand proportions or so grave a charm as at the present time.

FRI.—The divinity of man and the humanity of God,—we can as ill spare the second term of this equation as the first.

SAT.—Nothing is evolved that is not first involved, so there must be a great fountain of humanity in God, or there would be no humanity in the world.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

Billy and His New Mother.

"The trouble with Billy is he's scatter-brained."

As Mr. Lemmon said this he filled a dipper at the pump and approached the teakettle. The tin lid was upside down and very hot. He gave it a hasty fillip which landed it in the midst of the apple sauce simmering close by, and poured in the water triumphantly.

"Like to got scalded that time," he said, fishing out the teakettle lid. "It won't hurt the sauce, will it?"

"I don't believe it will. The dipper'll melt, Nathan, if you leave it on the stove empty."

"That's so." Mr. Lemmon rescued the dipper and made a fresh onslaught on the pump.

"Billy means well, if he would only keep his mind on the main thing," he went on. "He's anxious to help. I haven't told you what he did yesterday. I sent him to the tool-box for more nails. There was plenty of 'em there, but he took a notion that it would be a good thing if he was to sort over the whole box, and emptied everything out on the ground. I come to see what he was doing to keep him so long, and there he was, swimmin' in tacks. Much as ever I can get things straightened out again."

Mrs. Lemmon laughed. She laughed easily. She was distinctly a genial person.

"I can't think where he gets it from," added Mr. Lemmon.

"He gets it from his father," answered Mrs. Lemmon, unexpectedly.

"Why, you don't say—" Mr. Lemmon turned around to see what she meant.

"Certain I do. You're filling the kettle too full, Nathan; it's spilling over. Yes, you're both absent-minded. He can't get over it all in a minute. We must guide him some. Now, if you'll bring the horse around, I'll be ready to go as soon as the apple sauce is off the stove."

"Dear me, they're as helpless as kittens about some things," she thought affectionately, tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet in a firm, square bow.

She looked out of the window at Billy, a freckled-faced boy of ten, who was tramping up and down beside the old horse. Mrs. Lemmon was Billy's stepmother, and he had decided opinions about her.

"She takes my part," Billy said. "She takes pa's part, too. I don't know who's side she's on—everybody's, I guess. She's great!"

"Ma, say, can I drive?" he asked, as she came out.

"Course I expect you to drive. When a young man takes me to town, he has to do the driving."

Billy clambered into the wagon with an important air. Mrs. Lemmon stood waiting.

"There's another thing a young man's got to do that takes me to ride," she said, after a minute.

"What?"

"Turn the wheel out so I can get in."

"I forgot." Billy turned out sharply.

"Take care—take care! You'll be over on the other side of the road!" cautioned his father, coming up to the fence, anxiously. It was not the general custom to see one's wife off every time she went to the village. Mr. Lemmon did not know why he did it. It was because she brought an element of fun into the business. He felt excited, like Billy.

"No, we're all right. Well, good-by!"

Mr. Lemmon looked after his wife's erect, comely figure. "I guess they'll get where they say they will get as long as she's in the wagon," he thought. "He was dreadful pleased to have the reins. She understands boys."—*Youth's Companion.*

Ten Dine on One Egg.

One egg for ten guests, says a traveler, is the custom at the California ostrich farms.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression he went to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg was laid upon the plate.

But apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was one of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, it was evident the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that an ostrich egg is good fare.—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

A Little Patch o' Blue.

'Twas one o' them 'ere blusterin' days
That comes in early spring,
The wind was whistlin' round the house—
It blew like anything,

Floppin' the clothes out on the line,
Shakin' the trees about,
Switchin' the vines agin the wall,
An rattlin' the eaves-spout.

The sky was full o' flyin' clouds—
The wind it chased 'em so—
I can't begin to tell you now
How hard the wind did blow,

Ner how them gray clouds scampered past,
Like they was scart,—ner yet
Jest how the hull thing made me feel—
But I shan't soon forget.

The wind, an' clouds, an' trees, an' all
Was makin' such a fuss,
It seemed like me an' ev'rything
Was mixed up in a muss,

An' there wa'n't nothin' firm er still,
An' nothin' I could do,
Ner hold to, nuther;—then I see
A little patch o' blue.

'Twas up above them flyin' clouds,
Above the wind, an' me;—
A purtier, bluer, stiller patch
O' sky I never see.

I tell you it was comfortin'
An' strengthenin' to know
There's somethin' common things don't move,
An' ev'ry wind don't blow.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Foreign Notes.

LE PROTESTANT.—With its second November issue this organ of the French liberal Christians appears in a new dress. UNITY congratulates its Parisian co-worker on the evidence of prosperity afforded by the larger page and better paper now adopted.

In matter, too, this number is a particularly interesting one. The place of honor on the first page is given to the opening of the new session of the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris, and the address of the new dean, Mr. Ménégoz, successor to the lamented Auguste Sabatier. This address was such a clear, concise characterization of the theological views of his distinguished predecessor, as twenty years of intimate friendship, with full community of ideas and sentiments, peculiarly fitted the new dean to give. There seems to be grave question at this time whether the state will continue to recognize the Protestant theological faculties among its higher educational institutions. Fearing that this recognition might be disadvantageously affected by his holding of two positions, Mr. Ménégoz closed the usual announcements as to changes in the faculty, courses, theses, subjects for prize essays, etc., by the statement, that though he had thus far exercised the functions of the deanship, he felt it his duty to relinquish that office and that Prof. Stappfer had been unanimously recommended to appointment as his successor. He further expressed a hope that the Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Leygnes, would once more successfully defend the cause of the Protestant faculties.

Another interesting communication in this number is a letter from Italy, showing how that country, like Austria, France, Spain and Portugal, is trying to free itself from the yoke of clericalism. At Terin in Umbria, for example, a popular committee has presented to the municipal authorities resolutions calling for the secularization of the various charitable and other institutions established for public welfare. At Spezzia a large anti-Jesuit meeting was recently held in the theater. At the close of the meeting a resolution calling for the abolition of article 1 of the statute declaring the state religion to be the Catholic religion, and a denunciation of the law regarding papal privileges, were passed by a large majority. At Leghorn this anti-clerical agitation has been most pronounced, the immediate occasion being the attitude of Bishop Giani of that city at the time of the Catholic Congress at Taranto. At this congress the ecclesiastics were very outspoken in their hope for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope and their contempt for national institutions. On his return to his diocese the people of Leghorn, more loyal to their king than was expected, did not hesitate to make known to Bishop Giani their dissatisfaction with his conduct, and even clamored for his removal, a thing not easy to obtain in Italy. Not content with words merely, they proceeded to act by proposing to the city council to rechristen three streets whose names were dear to the clericals. After three days the council met to consider the matter. The anti-clericals turned out in force and filled most of the seats open to the public, and the discussion was interspersed with cries of "Vive Giordano Bruno!" "Death to the priests," etc. After a lively debate, in which the council sought in vain for some compromise, the popular motion was carried by a vote of 24 to 7, with the addition of an appropriation of 200 lire (about $40) as contribution toward a statue of Giordano Bruno. The populace celebrated the victory by singing on the streets the song beginning: "Priests, monks and Jesuits are * * * worthy of the galleys." That very night the rebaptized streets received their new placards; the street of Our Lady became Giordano Bruno street; that of St. Francis, Galileo-Galilai, and Saminary street, the street of Arnold-of-Brescia.

By way of contrast I am reminded of a certain city in central New York, where around a little open space are grouped a Catholic church, a large Baptist church and the public library, to say nothing of a Wesleyan church that is right in sight. In the center of this space was laid out some years ago an ornamental circle with grass and flower-beds. Since then the locality has been generally known as the Library Circle, a designation all the more appropriate because a fine, large building given by Mr. Carnegie is now going up on the library site. Quite recently, however, the Catholics stole a march on the old residents of the locality and succeeded in getting a subservient common council to change the name to St. Mary's Circle in honor of their church, which faces it. A counter petition immediately circulated met with no attention on the part of the council.

Another correspondent of *Le Protestant* calls attention to a paper read at the recent meeting of the German Evangelical Alliance at Breslau, by Pastor Lachenmann, on the evangelical movement in France. This paper was interesting not merely for its historical and statistical information, but still more for the personal travel, impressions and experiences of the author. Wishing to visit and see for himself some of the localities where the reform movement is most pronounced, Mr. Lachenmann addressed himself first to the Central Society and the Evangelical Society of France. These bodies replied with the greatest courtesy, promising to send him all the information he could possibly desire, but begging him not to present himself for fear of what the clericals might say should a German pastor be found visiting the new protestant communities. Not discouraged by this reception, Mr. Lachenmann turned next to workers in the field, and soon found in Mr. Robert of Pous a man who could not see in possible clerical calumnies any reason why the stranger should not give before his converts a lecture on the "Los von Rome" movement in Austria. The results were a memorable evening for Pastor Lachenmann among the protestants of France, a deep impression made by him on the work at Pons; more than this, a lesson in moral courage given to the timid French leaders and the prevention of a misleading conception of French "prudence" among such German protestants as heard Mr. Lachenmann's address at Breslau.

The following, clipped from one of its exchanges by the same paper, suggests some of the obituary notices which have given a certain celebrity to the Philadelphia *Ledger*. A Mrs.

Dunbar, pilgrim at Lourdes, was accidentally drowned in the Gave. Commenting on the sad incident, Vicar-General Carlier, director of the pilgrimage, said: "While giving her our prayers, we feel nevertheless that she does not need them; she has exchanged our wearisome return train for a *fast express to Paradise.*" M. E. H.

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